BRITISH
14 MAR 09
MUSEUM

A

BALLAD,

Upon a Gentleman's ſitting upon the Lady W——'s Cremona Fiddle.

To the Tune of King John, and the Abbot of Canterbury.

YE Lads and ye Laſſes that live at *Longleat*,
Where They ſay there's no End of good Drink and good Meat;
Where the Poor fill their Bellies, the Rich receive Honour,
So great and ſo good is the Lord of the Mannor:
Sing down, derry down, &c.

Ye Nymphs and ye Swains that inhabit the Place,
Give Ear to my Song, of a Fiddle's hard Caſe;
For it is of a Fiddle, a ſweet Fiddle, I Sing:
A ſofter and ſweeter did never wear String.
Derry down.

Melpomene, lend me the Aid of thy Art,
Whilſt I the ſad Fate of this Fiddle impart;
For never had Fiddle a Fortune ſo bad:
Which ſhows the beſt Things the worſt Fortune have had.
Derry down.

This Fiddle of Fiddles, when it came to be try'd,
Was as ſweet as a Lark, and as ſoft as a Bride;
This Fiddle to ſee, and its Muſick to hear,
Gave Delight to the Eye, while it raviſht the Ear.
Derry down.

But firſt I muſt ſing of this Fiddle's Country,
'Twas born and 'twas bred in fair *Italy*;
In a Town where a Marſhal of *France* had the Hap
(*Fortune de la Guerre*) to be caught in a Trap.
Derry down.

And

And now having ſung of this Fiddle's high Birth,
I ſhou'd ſing of the Fingers, which made ſo much Mirth:
But Fingers ſo ſtrait, ſo ſwift, and ſo ſmall,
Shou'd be ſung by a Poet, or not ſung at all.

Derry down.

Tho' I am, God wot, but a poor Country Swain,
And cannot indite in ſo lofty a Strain;
So all I can ſay, is, to tell you once more,
Such Hands and ſuch Fingers were ne'er ſeen before.

Derry down.

Having ſung of the Fingers, and Fiddle, I trow,
You'll hold it but meet, I ſhou'd ſing of the Bow:
The Bow it was Ebon, whoſe Virtue was ſuch,
It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch.

Derry down.

Cupid fain wou'd have chang'd with this Bow for a-while,
To which the Coy Nymph thus reply'd with a Smile;
My Bow is far better than yours: I'll appeal:
Yours only can kill, mine can both kill and heal.

Derry down.

This Fiddle and Bow, and its Muſick together,
Wou'd make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather:
But, alas! when I ſhall its Cataſtrophe ſing,
Your Heart it will bleed, and your Hands you will ring.

Derry down.

This Fiddle was laid on a ſoft eaſy Chair,
Taking all for its Friends, its ſweet Muſick did hear;
When ſtrait there came in a huge Maſculine Bum,
I wiſh the De'el had it, to make him a Drum.

Derry down.

Now Woe to the Bum that this Fiddle demoliſh'd,
That has all our Muſick and Paſtime aboliſh'd;
May it never want Birch to be ſwitch'd and be ſlaſh'd;
May it ever be itching, and never be ſcratch'd.

Derry down.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick ſo grievous,
A Penance too ſmall, for a Crime ſo miſchievous;
Ne'er find a ſoft Cuſhion, its Anguiſh to eaſe,
While all is too little my Wrath to appeaſe.

Derry down.

Of other Bum Scapes, may it ſtill bear the Blame,
Ne'er ſhew its bare Face without Sorrow or Shame;
May it ne'er mount on Horſeback, without Loſs of Leather,
Which brings me almoſt to the End of my Tether.

Derry down.

And now, leaſt ſome Critick of deep Penetration,
Shou'd attack our poor Ballad, with grave Annotation;
The Fop muſt be told, without ſpeaking in Riddle,
He muſt firſt make a better, or kiſs my Bum-Fiddle.

Derry down.

FINIS.